

Eight Days In



By Anna Von Reitz

Tonight when I got home, I found dinner waiting for me and a glass of red wine poured in the only wine glass left in the house, never mind that the base of it is chipped.

I had to laugh.

Remember the old saying about whether the glass is half empty or half full? The actual point is that the glass can hold liquid, and can be refilled again.

And that's about where we are in Alaska. Three of our schools won't reopen this school year, scores of stores and other business locations are still not reopened.

In the midst of this, the imbecile Commander of Joint Base Elmendorf-Richardson, who failed his duty to protect us from a scalar weapons attack, has kept up a constant unremitting practice artillery bombardment for a solid week.

Only God knows how many of the over 2,000 "after-shocks" are actually attributable to heavy artillery rounds being shot off by this cretin, no doubt for some idiot reason like, "Uh, we have to use up the rounds by the end of the year or we won't get new supplies."

Can you imagine? We've all just lived through a 7.0 Earthquake, and we suffer with unnecessary artillery bombardments that shake the ground for a solid week afterward?

Exactly who is in charge of the insane asylum?